Heavenly Jewels

Mrs. Henry C. Graton

Presented by
Mrs. R. J. Floody.
Jan. 16. 1923.

HEAVENLY JEWELS

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By [illegible]N

Worcester, Mass.
THE BLANCHARD PRESS
1911

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POEMS

By MRS. HENRY C. GRATON

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By Henry C. Graton

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IN MEMORIUM

On December 10, after the sun had sunk into the shades of night, the consecrated soul of Mrs. Henry C. Graton winged its triumphant flight into the haven of eternal rest. The glory of the following morn, being Resurrection Day, was overshadowed with the gloom cast by the sad news: " Mrs. Graton is gone." Rarely, if ever, have we seen one in this city so deeply mourned by all classes of people. High and low, rich and poor, cultured and the rude, learned and the crude, as one united family shed tears of sorrow at the loss of this devoted saint of God. Her soul life seemed to have permeated all with whom she came in contact, and made them richer and happier. She had actually experienced the words of Christ: " I am in the Father, ye in me and I in you." The mourning was not of the perfunctory nor official kind, but rather a deep grief over a loss that left a void in the soul.

To none could the term " minister " be more fittingly applied. She believed in the gospel of the Good Samaritan and felt the force of the command, " Go and do thou likewise." Space forbids a detailed account

of her practical work, for that would require volumes, but we shall simply give a summary of the main lines of her ministrations. Besides doing her duty to the charities and philanthropies of the city she expended her energy and means in many other directions. She kindly lent her assistance to many students at various universities, colleges, academies, schools, who were struggling to educate themselves and complete their courses.

The conductors, motormen and railroad men became recipients of her graces, and were warmly responded. The workingman who had struggles with misfortune, etc., found in Mrs. Graton a ministering angel who lifted his burdens and made his heart rejoice. The poor servant girl, without a friend, found a friend in this handmaiden of the Lord.

The inmate of the Home Farm was cheered by her personal presence and personal gifts. Those incarcerated within prison walls were favored by her attentions and personal services.

Her activities in a very special way extended into the temperance field. She was one of the early crusaders, being a devoted worker and a leading factor; also was she an earnest laborer in the W. C. T. U. and always lent her prayers, influence, and personal work in the no-license campaign. The great Peace Movement enlisted her special interest and she

attended some of its great conferences at Lake Mohonk. Social Settlement Work, Garden City Work and all other agencies for human betterment found a ready helper in this remarkable woman.

The little children soon recognized the charm of her personality and clung to her. She could be a child, play games with them, tell stories, and enter completely into their life. A little card or gift at Christmas revealed to the children she had not forgotten them. Wherever she could bestow a kindness, show a favor, lend a helping hand, she never failed to do it. The following stanza of one of her poems well illustrates her life:

> "There is a God, there is a way,
> Where we may find true rest,
> It is in a sweet life of love,
> And doing just our best."

Her religious life is not less remarkable in its activity and richness than her practical life. She had a deeply devotional nature that did not stop with the outward and superficial. No one desired more earnestly to conscientiously get at the source of truth. Never would she enter upon any duty without consulting the Father. When perplexed as to her line of duty, " Now, Father, tell me what to do," was the familiar expression. She virtually walked with the Lord, and continually felt His presence. Her Bible was her constant

companion, so she wrote: "The Bible, holy book, the best of books for me, the best for all mankind, the best that ever can be." Prayer formed a prominent place in her religious life. Scarcely is there a single individual of her acquaintance but what has been the subject of her prayers for both temporal and spiritual needs. She was constantly giving out herself. She learned from experience the truth of Christ: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Her faith was strong and optimistic.

Her devotional nature and spiritual insight frequently reminded the writer of that of Madam Guyon. At times she had a remarkable intuitional insight of the future. While she and husband were traveling in the West, three times a voice came to her: "Don't go to San Francisco, saved as by fire." It came with such force they changed their plans and with great inconvenience and extra cost started for home. They had not reached their destination when they learned of the destruction of the city by earthquake and fire, and the hotel at which they were booked was wrecked, and those who escaped death sustained injuries from which they have not fully recovered.

Her poems reveal how much her mind dwelt on the spiritual. She adhered to the Methodist form of belief and was a loyal mem-

ber of Coral Street Church, Worcester, for thirty-six years.

Her good sense was as remarkable as her devotion. She had charity for all those who differed with her on religious things. Her creed was sprinkled with a great deal of good sense. Her conception of religious views was broad and tolerant and she enjoyed reading science and psychology in its bearing on religion. There are but few who could talk more knowingly of the deeper things concerning religious experience than this godly woman.

It is very seldom that there is found in one individual deep devotion, good sense, and practical work combined in such a degree as in Mrs. Graton. Many have the one feature and lack the other two, but the combination of the three elements make her a truly exceptional character.

It is a matter of gratitude that she was permitted to see the end of seventy-two years of earthly life, being born July 30, 1838. Nearly half a century of those years was in happy wedlock with Henry C. Graton, to whom she was married June 7, 1863. Her girlhood days were spent in Massachusetts, with the exception of the first three years, which were at Swan Lake, Me., her birthplace. Worcester was her home from 1845 until Dec. 10, 1910, when she was promoted to

" the land of pure delight." Her life was without the show and seal of high official positions, but it was rather a dynamic influence that moulded for God and righteousness. Her life more accords with the Master, who went about doing good—" about his Father's business." We will have to search long before we will find one who tried so conscientiously to be " about her Father's business." Such lives serve as candles of the Lord, which illuminate eternity's shore. It is not ended, but that example, light and influence is fresh with us so that she still lives.

" She is not dead, the stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewel lamp,
They shine forever, ever more.

" And ever living tho unseen,
These precious souls that go ahead;
For all the universe of God
Is life. There are no dead."

R. J. Floody

God's Helping Presence

I WOULD I could it write, what comes
my soul to bless;
I would I could it touch on paper to express,
I know we have around the Everlasting One,
Who is a Light to lead, to guide, 'tis Christ
the Son.
Around He throws His rays, to warm and
keep to-day,
To every heart He sings, "I am leading all
the way".
So Hope a beacon star, is set upon our road,
To light the path divine, and lift from us the
load.

God's Cosmic Temple

GOD in His holy temple, now with verdure
it doth shine,
And beacon lights are bidding now the tempting fruit to dine,
The roses they are blooming and so mellow is
the air,
The winter now is past, the summer time is
here so fair,
Out stepping like a goddess great, the glory of
it to share,
For many weeks of summer days, kept by our
God with care;
So summer will pass by, and autumn will come
in its train,
Then winter with the frost and snow will come
to us again.
So year by year they follow on in Time's unceasing race,
So we shall move incessantly with Time's own
lightning pace.
Let us not stand and just mark time, while
time to us is given,
But as we move in time to enter more the life
in heaven.

The King

I DO behold His face so near,
Why should I ever know a fear?
I see it now I feel His power,
O'er me a shadow doth now fall,
Not like a funeral pall,
But sweet and soft and gentle, low;
I know I hear it come and go,
I bow my head my heart to fill,
When lo! He is e'er with me still,
And then I burst forth into praise,
While here and now the incense raise,
For I contain such perfect peace,
How can I live and from it cease?
The love He bears it floats along,
As o'er the soul it comes in song
So sweet, so soft, it glides to me,
It tells how grand His presence be.
He is the King; What shall I fear?
Beside me ever He is near.

The Unseen Friend

THE day is spent, the night at hand,
The Lord Great God stands to command;
So be ye ready when His call,
It will work out your good in all.

Oh, hear what he may speak to you!
Then do it bravely and be true;
The way is His what'er is said,
It's you he means, turn and be led.

Take hold His hand, and let not slip,
Look up His word let fall from lip,
Shall help your feet out into light,
No darkness dwells—all shall be light.

Because He stands your way unfold,
Your life shall mould with gifts untold,
To lift, to bind, thus to enlarge,
The current strong his spirit charge.

Held over you His line holds sway,
A constant friend comes in to stay,
Never to leave, but here abide
In harmony right by your side.

And now He speaks and calls you out
To do His work to those about,
To give a glimpse of what you find,
The truths of God stamped on the mind.

To shine in you and thus reflect
The mind of God, with Him connect,
To build you up and constant be
A bright and shining light to see.

The beacon of beauty unfurl,
To draw from earth like smoke to curl,
Up to a height Heav'n will bestow,
The favors of God make heav'n below.

A pointer thus, this is your guide,
The hand of God with you abide,
Where you can call to Him to see,
To lead, direct, this life so free.

God Knows

GOD knows me through and He is making whole,
So if the work is ended He can take care of my soul,
For He knows that I follow on in every path He leads,
For if He now is keeping me I know it will bear seeds;
Thus now he sends the pattern out for me to strictly trace,
So that some may the figure see from this poor fallen race.
I'll hold the painter's canvas high, I'll paint it clear and bright,
And it shall bear the rainbow tints just like a prism bright,
Whatever be the matter now the clouds will this reflect,
The bow of promise to us sent which should our love direct,
I'll try to make it plain, my child, so you can lift the veil,
Where is the Holy place, where true conception did prevail,
Let us now enter the within, my child, the temple court,
Then let us go straight forward then, that we may reach the port,

Into the Holy place where none but priests
did enter in,
Before the temple grand was spoiled by lust or
hate or sin,
When he did minister to men the bread and
wine to give,
The office it was holy where the pure could
only live.
We are the temple of our God. Nought should
us now defile,
But like the living temple hold God's spirit
just a while.
This represents the perfect life, so doth the
bread and wine,
The life of Jesus which is given before our
souls to shine.

Him I See

I THANK Thee, Father, for Thy love and tender care to me;
What could I do if I did not Thy face and image see.
I look, behold Thy goodness see, transparent love divine,
And as it comes to stay with me I lean the harder twine.
So like a tendril am I borne with Thine own arm aloft,
That I keep climbing all the time, Thy face to see it oft.
It doth inspire to lead me on, Thy path so true to trace,
That as the rubbish drops away I know Thy likeness face.
It perfect true and sweet becomes, I know that it is so,
For I have gazed so oft before Thy perfect love to know.
It prints itself upon my brow, a likeness of Thine own,
A stamp divine for me to wear, my every thought to tone.
It doth uplift to help me on Thy way to turn to flee,
They radiant glory it I find and I find it in Thee.

His Likeness I Take

SOULS raised and held shall light take on,
To shine so bright till life is won,
So here, dear friend, I stand supreme.
The light of God flashes in between,
Reflect his courage wrought like gold
The finest of wheat to feed the soul,
Then shall I grow wide, and expand,
When held by God's own holy hand.
The grandest and the truest know,
Shall fall and form as on I go.
To help to reach for strength me given,
Reaching to touch, which is true living,
The life that's true a model make,
The likeness of my Lord, I take.

The Holy Spirit's Power

THE floor is laid, the scaffold down, the ceiling put in place,
The work is done, it is complete, I see Him face to face.
He entered in, I felt His touch, I could not be afraid,
He did come in and blessed my soul, His power was on me laid.
I knew it then, I heard His voice, the darkness was made light;
And in my soul I heard Him say, "Take what I give to-night."
I shipped it on the armor bright, it flashed upon my soul,
That He had come with healing wings to fit me to His mold.
I raised my heart in praise to Him, for all He gave I took,
And blessed and praised Him all the while, my knees beneath me shook.
His blessing fell, it melted me, I was overpowered this night;
And thus I stood confounded quite, while all around was bright
I can't describe just how I felt, I cried heal body, soul,
But strength was given, the way was clear, and faith had taken its hold,

I bent me low, my prayer was heard, I shouted
praise to God,
My soul rang out in one amen, He passed me
'neath the rod.
I cannot tell how 'surance came, I know God
met me there,
For o'er my soul a peace came in, up rose the
golden stair.
Have given Him all, I rest in Him, the work
is all complete,
So let me now lie down awhile and rest at our
great Master's feet.

His Hand

GOD'S hand is over us, He guides to-day,
Why do you fret? turn from his way?
Praise give the Lord and bow in prayer,
He loves us all, He'll us take care,
How kind His hand He clasps each child,
He loves so dear He'll guard the while,
How kind His love, how sweet His voice,
How sweet commands! obey! rejoice!
Rejoice! Rejoice! He's here in power,
Which clasps us fondly and lights each hour,
How safe, how sweet, His hand will guide,
To turn us toward Him by His side,
The power of love will o'er us flow,
And happy we'll be as on we go
His love, such love who then can find,
Forgiving our sin to Him doth bind.
Dear Lord, our strength, portion and guide,
Keep us so close that we will hide,
By His own presence, touched by his power,
What like His favors at this hour.
Could we know Him, what love so grand!
How grand when reach heaven's land!

The Bible

THE Bible, Holy book the best of books for me,
The best for all mankind, the best that e'er can be.
It holds a plan of saving men, and lights our feet;
It is a light when dark; it is a comfort sweet.
And when we take its truth it is a cord
To bind us close to Jesus Christ our Lord;
To come in all our acts to help the higher life.
For it was written for mankind to save from strife:
For old and young. The book was given to us then,
That we might profit by in lives of better men,
It tells that we in purity should live,
To tell the holy work, the way to eat and give.
Its words were penned so long ago. No change will be,
For it is truthful news, the record is for thee,
To take the book in life in death will light the tomb,
It surely brings us peace at morn, at night and noon.
It is an ointment to refresh and strengthen all.
The gold to crush and dig if listen to its call.
We must it understand before we tell its worth,
And how to get that life—you follow Christ on earth.

Music of Heaven

I WRITE now for the Lord,
The song I now shall sing,
The cadence of its music,
Above all earth shall ring,
In sweetness, flowing on,
Shall reach from shore to shores,
And thus wake hearts to sing,
While forth from heaven it pours.
So soft and low it falls,
To breathe its measure strong,
And upward hearts will look,
To clearing out the wrong.
How can it ever cease?
It has its work to do,
So turn from sin to right,
The way to God pursue.

New Heaven on Earth

SO sang the Angels in days of old,
As they swept through the gates of gold,
Of time to come when we shall see,
The earth a sinless state to be.

When from the One who sits above,
Who rules with law, and light, and love,
The joy of love we wish to know,
To make us perfect here below.

When to us came a secret hid,
It comes forth to us when 'tis bid,
'Tis when the heart is ready for truth,
The word sent will enter forsooth.

Your heart then open wide for light,
From Father our Great God of Right
A new and higher soul is given,
And then we have on earth New Heaven.

Adoration

I LOVE to look into Thy face,
That radiant smile to see,
So let it hold me so complete,
I Thine shall ever be.

Thine infinite love is so great,
Is shining on me now,
So I will raise my heart in prayer,
As humbly here I bow.

Then on me now Thine impress make,
So glorious let it be,
That when I walk on earth no more,
I shall arise in Thee.

Revelation

WHAT wondrous things we learn to-day,
As God reveals to us the way,
What can we do when love comes in
To wrap us 'bout to keep from sin;
To help to do for other men
By acts of kindness and the pen.
It is a cloak given us for wear,
A cloak which we do love to bear,
'Tis like the rose its perfume sweet,
Fills both our heart and home so neat.
A pearl of price, a thing of wealth,
The joy of being, of life, and health.
Thank God that brings love to my heart
Now and fore'er shall not depart.

A Prayer

THE rolling of the thunder loud,
The storm will very soon pass by,
And peace and rest and sweet content,
Will come to me from God on high.
So I can rest with perfect peace,
And perfect comfort surely find,
And holy restitution true,
Shine on my weary soul, so kind.
God help His truth to me unfold,
And in each path that I must go,
I know that Thou art near me now,
And that no trials can me o'er flow,
And safe from all the angry waves,
My sure safe foot treads all the way.
The path is sunny as I go,
For Father leads me day by day.

Prayer for Spiritual Blessing

NOW true that we this knowledge seek,
That we may enter in,
And find sweet peace as we do read,
To keep and hold from sin.

Great God of love thy name is Love,
Now come and cover all,
While on us now thy spirit pour,
So that we ne'er shall fall.

So we will be hid from all view,
Except Thy face behold,
And as we gaze Thy love reflect,
Thy image to unfold.

Abiding and Obeying

WHEN in the midst of battle hot,
Our God is there to hold and sway,
If we but fight with strength from God,
We then shall conquer—yes, to-day.

I know the hand of love pursue,
Its mark made all along the way,
To lift us up, and safely o'er
Its footsteps into as we pray.

Oh, yes, dear friend, we do believe
Our God is good, and He is true,
In His own hand He guides us e'er,
Where we purpose and will pursue.

If we but follow in God's lead
We cannot fear to go astray,
The hand of God is holding fast,
He will abide, if we obey.

Thanksgiving

I THANK Thee, Father, for the truth,
And thank Thee for a thirst to teach the youth.
I lay my pattern for to trace,
Tho darkness covers now my tearful face,
But Thou, dear Father, know my woe,
This hour to follow and to help me show,
Thy love can conquer every foe.
God never will forsake us where we go,
Good seed each day He helps us sow,
And holds us when we oft would stray,
And lengthen our true love just for to-day.
I pray the Lord the way show clear,
That I this day shall perfect be from fear.

Present Help

THE way is dark, I cannot see, dear Father, hold my hand,
Adrift and out at sea am I, around me is Thy band,
Linked in a clasp of love to hold me, I am Thine I know,
For darkness covers all the path, the way in which I go,
It seems to thicken and deface the path of truth and right,
For I am sure I am walking now, but what is there in sight?
I thank Thee for the One who came to just, perfect and fit,
There in the place where peace is known so happily I sit,
The Father wants the heart that trusts e'en when we cannot see,
That we may know that we are led and fastened firm to Thee.
The trust that comes by doing right and living so to be
For God. He gives the test at times to prove if we can see,
That life is perfect—it can heal when Spirit comes to cure
The ills and aches of life. Besides it makes the sinful pure,

For we are His and He is ours, and whatever
we want beside,
A present help in time of need, a Father's
hand to guide.

Ever Trust Him

THE morn of life now grow,
The light of love is here,
Why should I go on mourning?
The path He guards, ne'er fear.

Hold to the hand that's strong,
The arm is strong, secure,
Why fret, or fear, or mourn,
When God enfolds you sure?

Dear child, on Him lean now,
And trust Him fully quite,
For when God's light shall dawn,
No danger 'bout the right.

Consecration

THE Lord of knowledge, wisdom, truth,
Who has led me to age from youth,
I lay my offering at your feet,
My soul and body here to meet,
Thy holy presence, truth divine,
So bid our frame, the soul make thine,
Take all I am, take every part,
Cement the whole, and melt the heart,
May every thought just now conform
To hold Thy image in me born,
Seal then each part, Thy will to do,
An offering free I bring to you,
Be Thou my wisdom, strength, and love.
Let Thy sweet light shine from above;
Let this same day Thy power let fall,
As I go forth to give to all.

Heavenly Imprint

THE imprint of the heavenly, so constant,
so divine,
Shall weave its chain around us so the earth
with heaven shall twine,
The part and parcel given shall point to us our
heaven to see,
For flowing through our very land a stream of
life shall be.

My Wants

I WANT, by cords held from above,
Drawn by Thy spirit, which tells of love.
I want to know I walk Thy way,
With ready hands Thy will obey.
I want my heart be filled with good,
So I shall act as best I could.
I want my tongue to sing Thy praise,
I want my eyes take in Thy rays.
I want my limbs kneel at Thy feet,
With head e'er bowed Thy blessing meet.
I want my frame move at Thy will,
Where e'er I'm wanted, or keep still.
I want the Spirit to tune us quite,
With God's own help, I shall live right.
I want my ears list to His praise,
Incense of love and goodness raise.
I want to shine each hour of time,
While on this earth I will be Thine.

The Soul's Desire

YOUR gold and silver I want none,
Expounding and talk as well,
But what I want is words of truth,
That in my heart shall dwell.

T'will help us up and o'er the road,
Where we some strength can feel;
And know it is from God above,
To whom we truly kneel.

To know the truth and witness have,
Will tell us how to go,
And holds us back if we go wrong,
And seek the way to show.

There is a God, there is a way,
Where we may find true rest;
It is in a sweet life of love,
And doing just our best.

He Keepeth Us

I AM holden now by love divine,
What trouble round thee can entwine?
His strong right arm shall us protect,
What fear can come to His elect?
So sweet He keeps us, day by day,
To walk with God the narrow way;
Then, as we hold and clasp His hand,
The holy angels keep command,
To lift us in the path of truth,
Never to yield but hold our youth.
Then we are strong, valient, and true,
To do the best that we can do.

Unselfishness

THE life that's lived for self alone,
Shall weak become and small;
But life we give to one and all,
Shall never, never fall.

Why, yes, it's all that we can give,
The best of things that we conceive,
'Tis joy to give this life away,
Far more than to receive.

For part of self was given out,
And strength it did impart,
So, if you, child, the same will do,
'Twill surely help your heart.

Love

I BRING to you a little flower,
Culled from the bower of truth;
You just take it and keep it pure,
Its breath is the perfume of youth.

Oh, see its beautiful make up,
Get close and near its heart,
And then drink in its spirit true,
Then you and I are one apart.

Purity

THE tasks we learn are just the things we need,
To prune and separate the crop from seed.
Thy will our portion and it must obey;
When God talks to us, hear and humbly pray,
Then to obey and run if He should send,
To do what you are bid, some wrong to mend.
Stand for the right and hold it strong and clear,
By following the Master e'en so near,
As to set right the evil and the wrong,
Which some so work to keep, but as a song.
Write what is true in words of your dear life,
And fight with Spirit's strength till end of strife.
Whate'er is said and now whatever you do,
Let it not hold the evil thing or thinking too;
But be a principle most firm behold,
Be bound to God your soul in Him unfold.
You then have touched the firm foundation sure,
Our life will wake and the impure shall cure.

Faith in Darkness

THE way is dark, I can not see; by Faith I walk, no sight,
While God is fashioning me 'round, I know He leads me right.
I can not see, I grope about; I try to feel my way,
But God, who does the best for me, saith " I will guide to-day."
The way seems long, for fear comes in and entereth my soul,
But God has said: " I'm the way," and everything control.
I seem to be so far from God, yet has said, "I am here."
What is the matter with me now, the path it is not clear ?
I think, I plan in different ways to enter into light,
But can't succeed to know why I should wander from the right.
I know that He is leading me, yet times I'm sore depressed;
I know this never ought to be—learning should give me rest.
I can not tell what keepeth me from finding perfect peace,
For I have given all to Him, and ought to be at ease.

I pray my God to show me now what I most
need to do,
For I desire to enter in and walk the way with
You.

The Gates of God

SO wondrous is the wealth our Father
gives,
If we will take the proffered cup that lives.
This is the essence of what is to be,
When pure and holy living ever see.
Our God a purpose had, also a plan,
And if inside this purpose now each man,
The Gates of God are open wide apart,
The doors of entrance for the human heart.

Hope

THE day is bright so I can see the way ahead,
I thank Thee heartily for thy dear Son who bled,
The way was dark and tempest brooded very near,
The path that I had chosen was not bright nor clear.
But then the precious Lord and Friend did surely hear,
The prayer I offered up to Him without a fear,
And coming close He gently whispered soft and clear,
"So I the bane of life have lifted for a year."
That is, to own the gift from God, my Father dear,
Who now drives from my wakeful eye the falling tear,
And puts my feet upon a standard high to get,
The great high God to cause my will to do it yet.
This when accomplished shall in future years take on
This life, and then ascend to Him who dearly won.

Truth

HELP me, dear Father, so to write Thy
words I would express,
And as I write the thoughts diffuse that truth
I shall confess.
Speak then through me and let me have Thy
only will and power,
Seal then my lips so when to talk I shall inspire
each hour;
And those who never know this truth shall
fervent take a part;
Fill Thou me full, so humbly here I shall touch
many a heart.
The influence of this work and truth scatter
and let it flow.
Show to all Christians far and wide they ought
the truth to know.
Let them just see that God is Lord and would
restore our youth,
Which we have lost by lust and sin, help them
to see the truth.

Living the Truth

OH, could I tell so it would touch the hearts
of living men,
So it would force them to believe, accept it
there and then,
We are a generation here of lust, and sin, and
woe,
Because we do not understand the truth or let
it grow.
We do not care to know the truth or listen so
to hear,
We wish it were not spoke about nor made to
us so clear,
For if we have the light to shine, the greater
is our sin;
For when it has been shown to us that lust
comes from within,
Unless we give it up, great woe shall follow us
alway,
And we must answer to our God for what we
do each day.
But when a light breaks on our path each day
if we but look,
And when our hearts are full of lust how can we
read His book,
We then must answer for each sin, God calls
us to account,
If thus informed we do not try the sin in us to
rout.

If we attempt to be both pure and good and sow,
And looking down God pities us, His mercy who can know,
He calls us to account, each hour he speaks into the soul,
We hear his voice but not so clear as waiting to be told,
Why wholeness means complete in Him, to love alone His power,
Not wishing any thoughts our own, nor acting sin one hour.
By thus becoming pure within we shall then upward grow,
Made strong in thoughts which are divine we shall His spirit show.

Celestial Fire

ALL is now well; it's better so, my child,
The battle which you fight to overcome,
Will thus arouse you up to surely fill,
The place where you can toil and neatly till.
Begone, brave heart, the victory you catch.
Let not the glow of it now faith untach,
But light the fire of joy and secret peace,
Dwell in this atmosphere, and so increase.
The place to speak is consecrated ground,
Where then shall fall to scatter all around,
The seed for souls anointed to convey.
So life will flow, fulfill each sacred day.
So fear no more; to rest, and trust, and lay
Your weapons down, look up His holy way;
He is your strength, must ever, ever be;
So come, my darling brave, and worship me.

Joy of Service

I LOVE to write, I love to sing,
The song God gave how sweet within,
As swift as arrow or a dart,
The message comes quick to our heart.
Our hope springs up so many times,
When bright the light how sweet the rhymes
That speak of God, of home, of heaven,
Of good things bought and to us given,
They whisper secrets hid from sight,
Till crying brings them out to light.
We grasp them for a moment's time.
Praise be to God, for time, of thine,
And every whispering note we raise,
Be filled with our unselfish praise.

The Touch

TOUCH this pen and touch this paper, let it be a burning taper,
Touch the word and touch the thought, Thine the impress that is wrought,
Touch me, Lord, now touch Thou me, as I give myself to Thee.
Touch me with the hand of love, guide this message from above,
Touch me with the living fire, with Thy Spirit now inspire,
Touch, Oh, touch and make complete, sitting at the Mercy seat,
Touch the body and this soul, melting till I am made whole,
Touch my eyes and touch my lips, as Thy Holy Word I sip.
Touch my ears and touch my hair, taking from my life all care,
Touch my limbs and touch my feet, all in me to be complete.
Touch me now and cover o'er, while Thy spirit it doth pour,
Touch my fingers and my hands, binding only living bands,
Touch me now this very hour, till I know and feel Thy power.
Touch me, touch me for to-day, so I'll walk the loving way.

Touch me with a love divine, and Thy arms around me twine.
Touch this frame and make complete from the crown unto the feet.
Touch, Oh, touch and make complete, while I'm waiting at Thy feet,
Touch me with the rest above, clothe and fill me with Thy love.
Touch me God, this morning touch, I am asking, Oh, so much,
Touch me with belief to-day, that the clouds may pass away,
Touch these eyes that I may see nothing day by day but Thee,
Touch with faith I shall receive, while I standing do believe,
Tell me am I whole or not, every member, every spot ?
Father, can it be that Thou can give unto me just now ?
Lord the touch I'll claim as now, before Thee I shall low bow.

Above the Conquest

FREE from all anxious thought,
Free from all care and strife,
We are now striving hard to keep,
The faith all through this life.

We hold the principle conquest,
We keep in tune with right,
I lay myself the altar on,
To shed forth Christly light.

I am now lifted far above,
The conquest o'er 'tis true.
Live up to the light now within,
His grace shall come to you.

Tempted

I KNOW we're tempted to turn from the right,
If to God anchored the way will be light,
I know the evil that comes with our birth,
Mine have I known since I lived on this earth,
I have battled hard to lay at His feet,
This tree and its branches, wholly complete,
I find it is still there, and oft succumb
To great temptations as Thy Kingdom come,
To say I'm free I will not tell a lie,
Though better I seem when in earnest try,
But what's the matter, can not understand,
God knows I wish to take hold of His hand,
I want to love Him, I just want to grow
On into goodness, a true life to show,
It's Satan's plot, that longing life to crush,
The Holy Spirit can not be lost thus,
It is the stronger and will not give way,
With me forever and ever will stay.

Heavenly Jewels

THE costly jewels He has given, to show the world His worth,
Around us He has thrown them all, to hide the things of earth:
They are so precious in His keeping, He gave them us to see,
That we should know them sure how precious they could be,
So costly, yes, so costly that His life did pay for you,
And now before us He has laid them, Christ our Lord, so true,
So we our model follow, holding high the banner love.
Our souls they melt within to draw all things to God above.
The dews of heaven now fall and shall decend in sweet perfume,
The gladness of our life shall surely shine like midday noon,
The morning of our action it shall scatter all the gloom,
The blessed sun is shining bright to warm, to bud, and bloom.
Our God has given sweet tokens of love to use for you and me,
He wants thanksgiving, shining through our precious souls to see;

The influence of our action like a crystal
flashing bright,
Reflect the whole demeanor when He turns
upon us light.
Now this is seeing and knowing, too, God
stands near us in view;
Just now He leads the way, and shows us all
the things to do,
He holds the candle close to us, our stepping
in each place
Shall be with sight while we then move, and
marks the path to trace.
Our Father gives us jewels and we don't know
how to use,
Above us they are shining, and dazzling eyes,
so we refuse.
He holds before our vision now to tempt us
out His way,
While His own voice from heaven calls, come
on, oh, come to-day.
He calls to lead, to help to teach, to hold, the
burden bear,
The light above us shines sure to reflect to
know His care;
The jewels, then the precious jewels, will drop
at our feet,
And stooping we will gather, all the blessings
to repeat.
Our work divine is human too, when helpless
men we touch,
With love from God on high, we serve for
fallen man a crutch.

OVER the ice and snow I see beyond, above,
What time will give us later in signs of His love,
The sun will melt in winter time, to bring the spring,
The brook will sing and bubble o'er everything,
So washing, cleansing, flowing, shall wake the flower,
Sweet harbinger of spring that calls us to her bower,
Shall speak of life and God, what He has planned to be,
As years roll onward and our Father's face we see,
We lovingly confess that He is all supreme,
The touch of nature, life, awakes as from a dream,
To God who is our Lord, and loves us better still
Than we think possible when we bow to His will.
O blessed Father, who awoke the flowers of spring,
In our own hearts this morn, so we shall joyous sing
Of God's great love in being, and plant it so secure

That we, the Son of Righteousness shall
touch and cure,
A cure for what is vile, a touch of love divine,
That is one holy life, we can all truth define.
O blessed Master pure, who has in store for me,
A better understanding of what life should be,
Pardon each great offense, and teach me so to
see,
That love is the kingdom that I should take
from Thee,
Then I the power know, I may be sweet indeed
I may draw strength from Thee, a better pur-
pose feed,
Guard Thou my every act, and seal me Thine
to be,
Thy patience new each morn, forgive and set
me free.

True all the Time

CLASPED in the Infinite, what can I fear,
God over all to perfect and to cheer?
Days may be dark and light shall disappear,
But God is at the helm, why should I fear?
Trust Him, I must believe what He has said,
Receive His promises, the way I tread.
God is sufficient, now God shall me guide;
Why should I fear when close by His own side ?
Nothing can harm me if I to Him look;
Of this I am so sure—comes from the Book.
Then I can prove it hour by hour each day,
That he is sufficient to guide the way.
Then why not trust Him, look into His face?
He will lead us in His pathway to trace,
So lean on Him, His arm will sure support,
On His own bosom rest to enter port.
We then are safe from danger and all fear,
To find the place ready to hold, my dear.
So fret and worry not but learn to cling
On the great heart of God, your praises sing.
Though it be cloudy now the sun doth shine,
Where you behold Him, and will last all time.

Fruitage

'TIS SABBATH morn, so precious sweet,
With breezes blowing, Fall to greet;
The Summer passed, the Autumn here,
Laden with fruit of the past year.
God never shirks His part to do,
And why should I? or why should you?
Get up and out and do your part,
And thus relieve your burdened heart.
Do for the million who are near,
And for the million coming here.
Stand in your place, put forth your hand,
To hold from out the seething band,
From sin and wrong, from ruin quite,
Work now and always with your might.

To Stand

I HAVE been fired and sealed the moulten leaden mass,
A thing of shape did mould, my soul been cleansed at last.
For years, unsightly things from out my life were seen,
But now I'm fired with Spirit, His image bear.
I sought the truth divine; He gave it unto me,
That I shall all o'ercome, for love shall set me free,
Free from the dross of earthly things turned now to power,
For God is mine and I am His, to live each hour.
A great desire within me burned—be purified
That I could now reflect His love, to Him I cried,
He heard my voice and entered in to fill with joy,
A peace He gave, no tongue can tell, without alloy,
Swift as the apple of the eye came from above,
And angels entered in to seal me by His love.
God gave it all so sacred sure, me to accept,
Our own to take, it entered in so soft it crept,
I know not how it did get in, but out came life

To stay the weak, to cleanse the fruit, and end
all strife,
A heritage to hold inheritance by right,
But only will He give when seeking for the
light.
Then enter in, that we may know His power,
The rest of faith will surely strengthen you
each hour.
Our God is all, He holds the rein within His
hand,
And we can only take when linked with God
we stand.

The Web of Life

HIS mantle now is o'er me thrown, and I
do feel His power,
For o'er my soul like birds that sing comes
incense every hour.
God holds the threads of time, to weave and
spin our earthly life,
The woof of time is meshes strong, to hold us
back from strife.
A net-work, it consists of squares to count the
work each day,
And twisted treads, like answered prayer, to
hold us on our way.
Then as the shuttle flies across, from side to
side is spun
A fabric fine, or coarse, may be, whatever in
life has been done.
Sometimes 'tis soft, with silken threads, with
lustre like the star,
Sometimes 'tis coarse and vulgar cloth, to
show us what we are.
Days we are made of cotton thread, so we can
then be white,
For this will wash and can be so before an-
other night,
Then other days we're made of wool, some is
as dark as night,
And this is hard to wash, you know, or ever to
look bright.

Then we are mixed and covered o'er, in patterns
His design,
Some lovely form and feature made, for Love
alone did twine.
There are some fabrics made to suit our own
dear willful mind,
Where only just impurity, the pattern would
not shine.
This must cut off, it has no worth, mistakes
are covered o'er,
But He has set a pattern life, with Love
wrought o'er and o'er,
Which we're to take, our pattern make, and
never let it go,
For Jesus is the pattern life, and living we shall
know
Whether within 'tis wrought in gold, to
brighten as we wear,
Or whether one dim line destroys the image
that is there.

True Friends

WHO are our friends? What is a friend?
One who will suffer, help, defend,
One who will stand to help in stress,
The fallen and the weak impress,
One who will go and help them up,
Aid on in life and lift the cup.
Are you in need, my sister dear?
Then we will come and bring you cheer.
All of our sorrows come from sin,
So stand you up cleansed from within.
No purpose must you leave undone,
Till you this battle here have won.
Come, sister dear, hold on, revere
The name of God and now draw near,
Give all you are and what you've been,
To God, our Lord, the great unseen,
Give all you have, each spot and stain,
That your young life may glow again,
That naught but love may there remain,
And you shall rest in peace again.

Christmas Days

THE Christmas days are passing now,
Which have brought forth good cheer,
For to them we can surely send
Our love, to them most dear.

The Christmas sweet with Holy Spirit,
Still hovering o'er to bind
Our hearts in love, to one another;
United in one mind.

Our days are passing onward quick,
While we drop words of love;
On this new happy Christmas day,
Now drop thoughts from above.

Crucified

WHEN we do end our strife, we mortals here below,
Why, when we cease from work as God once did, you know,
When we will carry burdens as He did the cruel cross.
Then when is set, we crucified are surely lost.
Then comes a new creation, one in Christ secure,
And we are then partakers of the Spirit pure.
When we have taken this we dwell no more in sin,
But a new life the Christ He gives—the saint begin.
If this our portion is, why don't we take, possess?
That which shall bring, and to the world confess,
That we are free from sin, from sickness we are free,
No plague can touch our dwelling place, from sea to sea.
Emanuel God with us, to keep, to hold us still,
If we are crucified, we live His perfect will.
His plans complete, His precepts carried strictly out,

Which places us within, while broadcast thrown about
Are seeds of love just come from Him who dwells on high,
Where all the way is joy, His presence helps us fly.
So upward to a lofty height we scarce could reach,
When our own self has dropped, we then are fit to teach.
The vessel it is filled, no putrid thing contain,
But from the throne of God comes righteousness to reign.

Sight

WHEN others you love you meet most every hour,
To get a sight of them and of their power.
So is the Christ, within, Him go to see,
To learn of riches which He holds for thee.
Thou go and secretly so none can hear,
Tell all about yourself; my child don't fear,
Then take His truth and lean so hard on Him,
So to be led from wrong, and guile, and sin.
Turn up your face, my friend, turn to the light,
So to reflect the mind of Christ aright.

Light

NO life is worth our living when it holds the sense of sin,
Crush out, my sister, let it never, never once come in.
T'will help us to be stronger, where in union we can work,
For God, humanity, if from it we shall never shirk.
We surely want the strength of goodness, truth and love and right,
To make us pure and good, help others in this precious light.

The Wilderness

DAYS follow days. Oh! how they fly,
The weeks and months and years pass by,
While God has given us much joy,
And filled our hearts, our lives employ,
In doing good and reaping worth,
Of what we have while here on earth.
The past has been, the future there,
In God's own hand, He will declare;
The Book when open shall tell you,
The life of His dear children true.
What we have sown, what we have lost,
Not being true, we count the cost.
When blessing on us shall survey,
From crown of head to feet on clay.
While overwhelmed will be success,
When we with God shall wear His dress.
With God in us and all reside,
We'll let Him ever lead and guide.

All for the Best

IT is a strange thing so to do, a kicking up the dust;
I well remember when one day with brush in hand I must
From window blinds that're black with dust sweep all the dust away,
But more dust came instead, it seemed yet clean were they.
But now in kicking up a dust a dirtiness was made,
And after all my arduous work, the dust was surely laid,
For then in kicking up the dust which seemed to make the more,
I found that after all I then could sweep it from the floor.
The blinds they were the cleaner far, and other things were neat,
And what seemed just of rubbish was so wholesome and complete.
You see it pays the dust to stir that we may get it out,
And though the same, yet more has taken on another rout.
So we, our thoughts, need stirring up to take another line,
We do not always think aright and holy thoughts confine.

So we must be thus shaken up and kicked
about a while,
Then we awake to better things and take an-
other style.
A style of sluggishness we hold it seems to
fold us round,
Yet we do need the thing that breaks the bands
that keep us bound.
So rest, dear child, the light is come and will
the way direct,
The onward march is upward, and will make
you stand erect.

Transmission

HEREDITY is giving up to one's own race,
From grandfather down through the weary age to trace,
Of son and grandson: all the print ne'er fail be there,
Whate'er our lives now are, the truth will sure declare.
If evil will predominate, this stamp is made
In each succeeding race from mother to the maid.
If purity foremost, the outgrowth will it tell
For what we are, in flesh the stamp will surely dwell.
If we intemperate shall be, and love the cup
One generation from another will come up.
Whate'er we are will quick be stamped for to reveal,
The sins of father, on our children there to seal.
The race we would lift up, touch human creatures here,
First by beginning to be pure my children dear.
What we would have the future race of men well know,
We must live it ourselves, to prove that it is so.
We each one hand it down, as a signboard to see,
The life of our within on this great family tree.
The life that we would trace, must it our own contain,
So future years' posterity shall hold no stain.

The River Jordan

THE Jordan stream we cross, just at this time,
The opening of earth, the gorge entwine,
In sight the port that we would surely make:
So beautiful, we can not overtake.
The landscape just before us, all to view;
It follows all along, the stream runs through;
High ranges near us straight upward to look.
All just about is like a book;
The hand of God it doth entwine,
His footprints always there to shine,
We journey East, dear friends, to see
Our heavenly home, that home for me.

The Mercy Seat

SOFT o'er my soul comes droppings of the
everlasting love,
And gives me peace and gladness, reaching to
the throne above.
Its droppings, joy inspires, and lifts me to a
higher plane.
Where no thought will distract me, telling of a
worldly gain;
A sweetness pours about me like the dews of
early morn,
And gladness that awakes me is new life
within me born.
Such gladness is beyond me, of its presence
none can tell,
Though we do try each day, as it comes with
us here to dwell.
Ambitions will destroy it, honor seeking to
remain,
Will take on wings and fly beyond to leave a
speck and stain.
We mortals, empty handed, enter now the
portal door,
Our heart and temple being might resound
with good to pour.
Our action, it is written, in God's book to come
to light,

What's hid will be revealed, we shall see with
the perfect light.
Be careful what you're sowing, let no seed once
take a root,
What's not good fruit in growing, leaving
only murky soot.
He calleth! do you hear him? He will give the
gift to day,
Now waiting, be ye ready to receive the good
and pray.
Come now, take what you've dearly earned,
it's yours, oh, yes, complete,
Our conscience, pure and holy, holds us to the
mercy seat.

Wells of Water

OH make a well of water of me so pure all the time,
Just like a fountain flows, so to be clear as wine.
Make me to stand, and go with every influence sweet,
A bubbling fountain, throwing water from Thy feet.
To quench the thirst of man, and bird, and lowly beast,
Let me the outlet of what will the more increase;
To stand in my own place, a fountain flowing high,
An ever-bursting fountain that will never dry.
A fountain ever lifting waters toward the sky,
To be firm planted here on earth, always to try.
You thus become a fountain of the truth and light,
These thoughts to throw 'bout me to lift men up to right.
Oh, keep me bubbling with Thy influence sweet divine,
But not begin to boil, so I will loose the wine.
This is the way, too often, when ourselves we look,

We then behold how big we are, no question
brook,
Then we begin to think, I'll run myself this
fount;
When lo, behold! it's dry; no water of account;
Because we strike the rock as Moses did of
yore.
We must keep humble e'er and let God in us
pour;
Then we shall wells of water be so sweet and
pure,
For God our Father knows what each one can
endure.

The Snow Storm

OH beautiful and lovely morn, I gaze the view to take,
I wish that I could paint it, with a brush the whiteness take,
In all its lovely shapes and forms, in cords of silver roll,
In what I see in person, it does fill my very soul.
It is a lovely picture bright, for stump and box and tree
Are covered like the rolls of cotton white, so grand to see.
I wish that I could paint it true, so you it could behold,
It is a lovely picture rare, my garden doth unfold.
Comes whispering the spirit, and breathing softly to mine,
And filling me with praises loud, and speaking "I am thine."
My Father wrote this clearly out on every bush and tree,
So that I might look at the beauty there for you and me.
How kind and how considerate to His own children here,
To make and paint in beauty, this white dress so bright and clear.

I look and look to take it in, to give it out I may
But who can write its beauty, what He has so fashioned, pray.
I gaze and gaze with rapture sweet, my inmost soul to fill,
And wish that I could write it out, while it is white and still.
The beauty of this storm of snow, so short and yet so grand,
Has covered every tree and shrub, all over this broad land.
They look like ribbons bright and wove across from side to side,
With just a shadow dark beneath its beauty more to hide.
It holds the fluffy whiteness soft, on this cold winter day.
The fullness of good measure so complete in every way.
The birds upon the boughs shake off as they about do hop
From twig to twig are flying fast its roll on line will drop.
The wind is hovering softly o'er they do securely hold.
The rain now coming helps to make and to perfect the mould.
Oh, yes, the wind has spilled a bit and shook some at our feet,
We see the rugged beauty as the branches o'er us meet.

So God in his infinite love will cover us with snow.
Not that which melts so soon, but that which makes us whiter grow.

Nature Thoughts

THE lilies of the valley sweet
With their green leaves all 'round our feet,
Like sunbeams peeping from your cot,
Like jewels bright to bless our lot.

You hide your heads when night comes nigh,
And fold it up as if to die.
The lilac drops, summer is here,
The birds sing sweetly now to cheer.

Pinks all in bloom, Sweet William too,
All nations' flower comes to view,
Perfume that brings its sweet refrain,
With lily cups to catch the rain.

The wind it sweeps and blows its might;
All earth is joyful with the light;
All nature sends to God its praise,
Let us to God our voices raise.

Marked

THE way is marked, the plan is laid,
So step ye out, be not afraid;
Do now your best, be strong in God,
And work it out beneath the rod.
For in His time will stand complete,
The work begun, sit at His feet.
Your way, His way—how can it be?
Well, look around and you shall see
That what seems strange it is not so,
For God holds you while here below.
To you it seems you hold the line,
But just beneath His hands doth twine,
And deep and firm the plan is laid,
God at the head—be not afraid;
Go on, brave heart, go on and dare
To stand alone, His way declare.
Forever 'neath His wings to fold,
Hold thou me true in thought, in soul.
My Father! help me to possess,
By thinking right, all to confess;
Come, seal the pledge and firm abide,
To make me strong, close at Thy side.

Stamped

THE ticket is your passport true, to enter heaven above,
Your character it represents, if you are filled with love.
You can not take another, and be sure you will get in,
For on yourselves you then must lean, if life you want to win.
For God looks at the heart and act, in concert must agree,
To show inside and outside too, of what we ought to be.
We can not cover up evil or what we think in soul,
We must bear on our face, the stamp to show a perfect mould.
We have been building dwellings, whatever we've built is ours,
If it be built of granite hard, it will last days and hours;
If it be built of stubble weak, it will sure blow away.
If you can not a ticket show, must have no word to say,
It must be stamped by Maker firm, and He will look to see;
And if His name, child, is not there, what good 'twill be to thee.

No-License Vote is Lost

ALL hope is lost in Worcester here,
A struggle comes another year,
Yes, license, misery and sin,
When homes made sad by beer and gin.
What must we do? why, grin and bear,
What we can't help, give not a care.
Must we sit still and fold our hands?
No! up and doing in all the lands,
To save the lost, to keep from sin,
The friend we love hope thus to win.
We must our part take up in prayer,
We all must work and do our share.
Hold up the right to show the way,
From darkness to a perfect day.
Stand in your place nor take on fear,
But press right on from year to year.
God is for right to give us might,
And win at last for truth and right.

Sealed

FLASH out, bright meteor, flash out and shine to-day.
Let not the darkness come or ever with me stay;
But break the hours of lengthy grief or woe or sin,
And let the ruddy glow of God's own warmth come in
To warm me into love so I shall Him sure see,
The everlasting Father, Prince of Peace, to be.
Let in the light, break off evil and every wrong,
And put into my soul the sweetest, sweetest song;
Write in it words of gladness and the thoughts of praise,
Help me to live the highest, so God's glory raise.
Shout loud and long, then upward Godward take its flight,
That I thus Godward go shall be myself all right.
The angel Gabriel true shall flash it o'er the earth,
While sons and daughters sing, proclaim lost man's new birth.
Hosanna to the highest, ceaseless songs awake,
Shout out, the record that some other ones will take.

When this has been accomplished well and
been fulfilled,
The gladness of our God our bosom it has
thrilled.
So onward press victorious, the fight have won,
In future life God seals us when our work is
done.

God the Great Physician

This poem is the last that Mrs. Graton wrote during the last week of her life.

I'VE taken God for my healer,
For all the days of earthly life,
And peace, like a fair flowing flood,
Hâs washed away now all my strife.

I'm cleansed and pure and fine, behold,
For the dear Lord has raised me up;
In His own bosom rest and lean,
With Him shall I now live and sup.

Him I See

I THANK Thee, Father, for Thy love and
tender care to me;
What could I do if I did not Thy face and
image see!
I look, behold Thy goodness, transparent love
divine,
And as it comes to stay with me I lean the
harder twine,
So like a tendril am I borne with Thine own
arm aloft,
That I keep climbing all the time, Thy face to
see it oft.
It doth inspire to lead me on Thy path so true
to trace,
That as the rubbish drops away I know Thy
likeness face.
It perfect true and sweet becomes, I know
that it is so,
For I have gazed so oft before Thy perfect
love to know.
It prints itself upon my brow, a likeness of
Thine own
A stamp divine for me to wear my every
thought to tone.
It doth uplift to help me on Thy way to turn
to flee,
Thy radiant glory it I find and I find it in Thee.

Hidden Away In God

I'M hid with my Saviour, completely hid
To step straight out on Faith, and do as bid.
I've given myself, I've nothing now to do
But just to walk forward, His way pursue.
He has the reins within his own strong hand
With bit and bridle ready to command.
The cart is loaded with every good thing,
And I'm to take seat as I let Him in.
All these good things lie low now at my feet,
So I'll let Him drive me—when hungry eat.
I look all 'round me, such strange things behold,
What they are like can ne'er be plainly told.
I can't tell how many queer things I see,
The load about me doth make the heart free:
There are things for the body and the soul;
There are fine visions, and great pans of gold;
There are the diamonds sparkling all so bright,
And now I want it to hold to the light;
Cloths for the body and love for the heart,
And such fine plans in which to take a part.
Songs for the living and songs for the dead;
Papers to read and books that are much read;
There are lessons to learn and signs to give;
Help for the weak as they shall try to live;
Baskets of goodies and blessings divine;
Cheer for the million and stairs we must climb;

The heights to gain and valleys long to run;
Hills for to reach and songs that shall be sung;
Work for all hands and some one must then lift;
Kind words to speak and bad ones also sift;
Deeds to accomplish which toucheth the heart,
Where we can work and each can do our part;
Tokens of evil and tokens of good;
There are fine works not yet quite understood;
The Bibles many and the praise is so loud,
In verse and hymn to call most all the crowd;
There are battles to fight, victories to win;
And some take hold to keep others from sin;
I can't tell you half that this cart doth hold.
Thoughts good and bad to fit to any mold.
There are true hearts and lives that now are pure,
And many a jewel for us secure,
But best of all is the sweet form divine
Whose word and promise said they are all mine.

All Hail

I SPOILED my pen and paper too, as oft had done before,
For I was not in harmony to open wide the door,
The door that leads me heavenward and where often I go,
And upward the decending too, to touch each one you know.
To call their thoughts thus up to seek the bright and shining way,
Reflect this image of our God and shine o'er us to-day,
To catch His spirit true, and catch a deeper, longer glow,
Of what we know the meaning is, to walk with Him below,
And now this minute to touch Him that it may fall and fill,
Whatever now betides thee child, it comes through Jesus still,
While o'ver us, it flows to wash so clean all sin away,
To make our hearts more holy be, so He will live and stay
Within our very being, and give us the depths to feel,
To have at last the consciousness that we are fully healed.

Are we then pushing forward brave, and are
we reaching up,
To take the Lord's divine command, to drink
it from the cup?
We walk, we run, when led by His divine com-
mand,
Proclaiming loud the word, go forth alone to
firmly stand,
Sometimes upon the mountain top, sometimes
on desert drear,
That our own tasks may ready be when God
has given cheer,
We then have freedom sure, and have cast
out the ghost of fear,
And catch a glimpse of His glory and hear His
voice so near,
Temptation can not injure us before we leave
this vale,
To be in harmony with God and with Him
cry "All Hail."

Athirst

THERE are dear ones—those who delight to do the will of God,
And though it costs an effort great, to pass beneath the rod,
They will o'ercome and just push out, to do His will alone,
For some must be the beacon lights, His blessed truth to own.
Yes I am one, it is my will, absorbed in Him I know,
And all I ask is for the place, this truth to clearly show.
It must be done, there is no way, the cross of Christ to take.
So clad with armor on my heart, I'll do it for His sake.
Then He'll anoint, His will fulfill, His word in me to do,
As I just open up my mouth, the words shall not be few.
Profuse he pours my soul to fill, and this His truth I'll tell,
For we are bold as lions, strong, when speaking of His will.
Confess his love, yes let it dwell, the work in us perform,
When it has come within my heart, His spirit to adorn.

Then here I lay, then here I drink, it shall me
cover o'er,
And from the stream of God unseen, He'll
open wide the door.
So if we want the pure in children here to-day,
Then we must follow out the same old truth
obey.
If we to plant good seed must plant it sure in
love,
And dwell in holiness from God the Lord above.
Have then a purpose of the kind if we would
grow,
So onward and still upward now the truth
shall show.
For what we plant the same we bountifully
reap,
Then you be careful dear, the good seed plant
most deep.

Triumph

THE triumph over sin, and the great saving grace,
We do not understand it is so hard to trace,
The first of God's commands is to fill full the earth,
Of people and to labor we, to live His truth,
A free and ready welcome warm of love of God,
Not leaving any mark of satan's cruel rod.
But just prepare quite well for the looked-for event,
To conquer all our lust with purpose strong intent,
We will dwell in the Lord with glory o'er our head,
We'll join in our own purpose now for to relate,
To propagate the good and make a better state.
The gardner watches every flower day by day,
But soon he learns a better and more heavenly way.
The gardner he prepares the plant, and shoot, and seed,
So that the best can grow just as the soil doth feed,
He prunes and grafts, and thins all out to make more tall,
Expecting now to harvest fruit rich in the fall,

He cuts the best that sprouts to graft when comes their turn
The very best of fruit and flowers will return.
And when they come now forth with fruit all round about,
The seed he sows bears very rich the same fruit out.

Crowned

THE glory of our God some brightness doth accord,
As looking up I do behold His face—my Lord,
The sunshine in my heart so bright and dear to me,
Was given by His spirit for to make us free;
It took some days of earnest prayer for this to win,
And as I lay for hours and hours to wait on Him.
There was the scroll rolled up so I could plainly see,
The face of the Redeemer as He looked on me.
I started to follow in His footsteps Him to know,
That only as I lived could I His will thus show.
So wonderful is God to save us from our sin,
He did establish this by teachings straight from Him,
Who once become a copy true for us to see,
That we in serving Christ His life our own shall be.
The rest, the peace of God within us falls to flow,

To tell us what is best, the path to heaven go;
That He was our salvation, lost, yes, then was found;
And now we are made whole with love and spirit crowned.

Thoughts on Coming Death

ALTHOUGH I can not understand it all,
What means it now to lay me by,
I do the meaning dimly know;
The sweetest things come when we die.

Now softly falling and before us flow
The heavenly visions at last,
To stay in memory e'er more to be
Till life, and earth, and all is past.

The loops are glasses through which we see,
Love's holy truth in visions to me,
To tell the story which no one will know,
Until we reach eternity.

Adieu

On this sheet was found written: "Suggested for the last page of my book."

SO now I bid these thoughts be gone,
I want to rest in God who's strong,
I will give up all but the truth,
It has been with me in my youth.
Now I my pen I'll put away,
To leave just now this thought to say,
That God these lines will ever bless,
And keep our hearts from wickedness.
What I have written God has given,
I seal it up for Him in heaven.
While I thus write I'm praying too,
That God's dear words, however few,
Shall leave an impress on some heart,
To make it right e'er it depart,
What God my Lord has poured within,
I have it written just for Him.
But now my work to-day is through,
I'll close my book and bid adieu.